Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbraſſe*, who by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all theſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
Againſt the which a moity competent
VVas gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbraſſe*,
Had he bin vanquiſht; as by the ſame co-mart,
And carriage of the Articles deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*: now ſir, young *Fortinbraſſe*,
Of unimproved metall, hot, and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
Sharkt up a liſt of lawleſſe reſolutes,
For food and diet to ſome enterpriſe
That hath a ſtomacke in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare unto our ſtate,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand
And tearmes compulſatory, thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: and this I take it
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this poſte haſte, and romeage in the land.
Bar. I thinke it be no other but even ſo:
VVell may it ſort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King
That was and is the queſtion of theſe warres.
Hora. A mote it is to trouble the mindes eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſſe, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueake and gibber in the Roman ſtreets,
As ſtarres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood,
Diſaſters in the ſunne, and the moiſt ſtarre,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptunes* Empire ſtands,
VVas ſicke almoſt to Doomeſday with eclipſe,

And

And even the like precu
As harbingers preceding
And Prologue to the *Om*
Have heaven and earth t
Unto our Climatures an
E
But ſoft, behold! lo whe
Ile croſſe it though it bla
If thou haſt any ſound, o
Speake to me: if there b
That may to thee doe ea
Speake to me.
If thou art privie to thy
Which happely foreknow
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt uphoorde
Extorted treaſure in the
For which they ſay your
Speake of it, ſtay and ſp
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it
Hor. Doe if it will no
Bar. 'Tis here.
Hor. 'Tis here.
Mar. 'Tis gone.
We doe it wrong, being
To offer it the ſhew of v
For it is as the aire, invu
And our vaine blowes m
Bar. It was about to
Hor. And then it ſtar
Upon a feareſull ſummon
The cocke, that is the tr
Doth with his lofty and
Awake the God of day
Whether in ſea or fire,
Th'extravagant and erri
To his confine; and of t
This preſent object mad

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